

The physician and nurse can accomplish nothing without this. Hence you must educate them as to the nature of the disease, the methods of cure, by constant reiteration. Teach him not only how he may get well, but also teach the family how they may remain healthy.

OLD IDEAS IN NURSING

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As we try to trace the thread of nursing through the many preceding years, we find most interesting stories from individuals which give us an idea of the many hardships and sacrifices experienced by our foremothers in their efforts to bring some comfort into the lives of many, who remember them with a closeness of friendship and a feeling akin to reverence, which is so many times lacking in these days of ours.

We, who are looking forward to "The History of Nursing," will doubtless find many of the ideas of nursing, generated years ago, that have been very tenacious of life and thought, perhaps, they have not grown, we still see them carried out in many homes of to-day, as the latest and best way of doing things. Many of these ideas have been handed down to us from the earliest theories of disease advanced by the learned followers of Hippocrates, and many have traveled a very straight road from the Demonic Theory.

But, if allowed to compare nursing with a sturdy tree, we can find its root in nothing else than the mother-love which is a part of every true woman's make-up. The trunk pierces upward through the centuries, showing a bark that is very rough and the branches have been many. But it is the nursing of to-day that represents the many smaller branches and twigs and is ready to show the color and hue of its work. The twigs could not be, had it not been for the growth between the root and the twig. Though much may seem ridiculous to us, all the experiences have left their marks and we can only select, advantageously, those ideas which are most promising to give a beautiful and useful shade, below.

In conversation with one especially charming old lady, who has lived a most useful life and whose appearance would justify one in thinking she had just stepped out of "Cranford," I find that the ideas she executed some fifty years ago are practically the same we see demonstrated in many places, to-day.

She, when a girl of twenty, was a teacher. Having a knowledge of books, it seemed that she might be well fitted to understand the physician's orders. Coupled with the fact that she was willing to give herself for others, she readily became a subject of imposition. Much of the nursing of previous times, was done by just those people who were the busiest and had the knack of pleasing.

At one time the minister's wife was very sick and finally died, after months of suffering. The teacher sat up every other night, and toward the end, every night, and taught by day. In answer to the question as to what she considered her duties, when sitting up, she answered, "Oh, I just sat there and sometimes when she seemed to have fever, I put cold cloths on her head. We had no ice, you know, and we just took the water 'from the north-east corner of the well,' as the saying is, and used that. We never thought of making the bed until the patient was able to get up. The doctor I had a great deal to do for, when caring for the neighbors, never thought of such a thing as allowing a patient to have a bath. Once I combed a head of hair, but I never did it again, for the patient died and some of the friends knew it was because the hair had been combed. Perhaps it was, but I didn't think so then, and I don't now."

Fever patients, especially typhoids, were nearly crazed for water to drink, which was religiously withheld. Many patients were not allowed a drink of water after noon, each day, because they might need care during the night.

The most unpalatable herb teas that could be planned and manufactured, as also, sulphur with molasses, have forced many a child to pull through a "severe attack" of most kinds of disease. Patients who have suffered with a dropsical condition of the legs, to the point where the fluid exudes through the skin, have sat for days at a time, with each foot in a wash-bowl to catch the fluid. "Running sores" on any part of the body, have been cured, by many a good nurse, who has applied small mustard plasters from one to two inches from the wound, until a blister had formed and begun to suppurate, when another was applied, and still another, at frequent intervals, until the chain of wounds had been carried to some distance, when, upon the bandaging of a good sized horse chestnut, at the end of the chain, the "disease" became cured.

And what happens to babies, is a long story! Some are copiously flanneled from the first, no matter what the weather. Some never feel flannel, for they must be toughened. If it were possible to follow the procession of what happens to the umbilicus—that ever fruitful source

for ingenuity—it would be a most interesting panorama. The greased, burnt rag, the unburnt rag, the two-cent piece or quarter, the pasteboard circle, the raisin, the horse chestnut, the green leaf snugly folded, the small flat bottle, the disc of wood and the peach-stone, have all served their mission between the baby and the binder.

What has entered baby's stomach, we can only pass by with a sigh and look forward to the disinfected baby, which may arise to the occasion at some future date.

As for what has happened to baby's nervous system, we can but conjure the picture of the southern mammy, who sits out-doors in sunshine or shade and, with the fortunate infant on her lap, croons the old-fashioned lullabys from her mother heart. Then conjure the picture of the infant of to-day, stalked with, night and day, screaming, fisting, weeping for more of mother's friend, Mrs. Winslow.

As for the simple wounds which happen in all families where there are children, the most frequent are the cuts. Something must be used to stop the bleeding. Freshly made mud, either with water or spittle, or a handful of nice, dirty cobwebs, always do the work. But it is deplorable how some children never demonstrate science and become infected!

You possibly have heard of the elder sister who was left at home, in charge of the younger members of the family, for one whole afternoon. Johnnie exerted himself, to become especially mischievous and eventually cut his fingers quite badly. The embryonic nurse, feeling her responsibility, did "what father always did" and hastened for a plug of tobacco, broke off a good, big piece and chewed it. The excitement and necessity went a long way to help her through the ordeal and finally the fingers were well plastered with the wet tobacco and the boy was saved. But the elder sister?

For many years the piece of salt pork has done wonders in the line of helping out the nurse. Either a-foot or a-neck, no matter where, it has, yet, untold virtues. As for poultices, certainly this practical point well demonstrates why the loaf of bread is the mother of the steam engine. The staid, old-fashioned flax-seed has been succeeded by a long series of articles, perhaps the most charming of any I happen to know of, are the pan-cake and the cranberry. A trained nurse of to-day might need resort to worse than these or to these, when occasion demanded, in some lonesome, forlorn place.

There is always a better until we reach the best. "Even the stars differ from each other in degree."